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The Middlebury Register

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6. A postmaster neglecting to inform a publisher when his paper is not taken from the office, makes himself liable for his subscription price.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

THIS WORK is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were omitted in the former, but we also extend our scope and gathering a great and more attractive variety are able to increase the soil, and valuable part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.
The elaborate and strictly literary of the Editor, Quarterly, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's noble criticism on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of foreign scenes, and his judicious and judiciously chosen Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious Spectator, the sparkling Examiner, the judicious Athenaeum, the lively and industrious Liberator, the sensible and comprehensive Bostonian, the sober and respectable Christian Observer; these are interspersed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of our Country, and with the best articles of the Dublin University, New Monthly, Fraser's, Tatler, Almanack, House and Sporting Magazines, and of Chambers's and other popular Journals. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from Puck, and when we think it good enough to make us of the diamonds of the Times, we will increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.
We are a community of Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborly and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world, so that much more than ever it now becomes necessary for us to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this is not only because of their nearer connection with our own, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot estimate or foresee.
Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Civilization, (which is existing over the whole world,) and the progress of Travel, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign Affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.
While we aspire to make the Living Age available to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still our object to make it an attractive and useful to their wives and children. We believe that we can thus do good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work interesting to all who are formed family. We say *indispensable*, because this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of vile and trashy taste and stories, in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be fed by good food.
We hope that, by *circulating the spirit from the heart*, by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages, Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

THE LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Broadway, Boston. Price 12 1/2 cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

POSTAGE FREE.
To all subscribers within five miles, who remit in advance, directly to the office of publication at Boston, the sum of Six Dollars, we will continue the work beyond the year, as long as shall be equivalent to the cost of postage, and will virtually carrying out the plan of sending every man's copy to him Postage Free; placing our distant subscribers on the same footing as those nearer to us, and making the whole country our neighborhood.

We hope for such future change in the law, or the interpretation of it, as will enable us to make this offer to subscribers at any distance.

E. LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

ELGIN

SPRING HOUSE.

THE ELGIN SPRING HOUSE is now open for the reception of visitors. The Proprietor, having added several well finished rooms, and made other improvements in his premises, feels confident that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. The medicinal qualities of these Springs are equal to any in the world, and are highly recommended by the best physicians in the country, to whom reference may be had, viz: Dr. Bradford and Maxfield of Vergennes; Dr. Allen and Russell of Middlebury; Dr. Cram and Converse of Ferrisburgh; Dr. Hinchey of Burlington; Dr. Horton of Colchester; and Dr. Warner and Hallett of New Haven. The Proprietor will run a Carriage to the Depot at Vergennes in connection with the Cars, for the accommodation of visitors and boarders. All orders for water promptly executed and forwarded by the Boston and New York route, or by the Vermont and Canada route, as may be desired.
Post Office Address, Vergennes, Vt.
S. ALLEN, PROPRIETOR.
Elgin Springs, Nanticoke, 2-1/2 miles.
May 10, 1851.

N. B.—The water from the above Spring, is forwarded by Mr. Allen, to L. W. CLARK, of this village, who keeps a supply constantly on hand, which will be furnished to those who wish to test its virtues, at a reasonable charge.

1852. LADIES SHOES. 1852.

JUST Received from Farwell & Co. Kid J. Polka, Pump Gaiters, walking Shoes, Buskins and Slips at R. L. FULLER'S.

Jan. 7th 1852.

From the Editor's Table of the Rochester Register for February.

Every reader will remember the Sapphic lines commencing: When the fierce north-wind rears up the battle to a foaming fury, 'or words to that effect; but we have no hesitation in saying that that performance can in no degree compare with the following:

Stop! sinful morals stop and give attention. While I relate a melancholy story. How one man had by a firm his head broke. Another burnt up.

The Lord hath spoken and who hath regarded? The twelfth day of march in the town. Pharsalia. GARRATT BROWN went out with his AX to chopping.

Fearless of danger.

When falling a tree a tin flew and hit him. And breaking his head destroyed his senses. And in about thirty hours after. Life was departed.

This was the poor man in an awful manner. Called out of time to his eternity. Leaving behind him a wife and six children. Objects of pity.

The next night after Mr. Brown was buried. A young man in health was busy at labor. Quite late in night, and all the forenoon after. Tending a Saw-mill.

Then tired and weary he went to his lodging. Lying down to rest he thought of no danger. And as he supposed completely in safety. Quietly sleeping.

When all but this man from the House was absent. The House took fire and soon was discovered. The cry fire was heard the people came running. Too late to quench it.

While friends and neighbors stood aghast with horror. Awful the sight was to see the House alarming. And still more awful and dreadful to think of. CHARLES ANGELL in it.

Not being present when the House was burning. I went the next day while some brands were smoking. And viewing the place saw in little fragments. Bones all to lime burnt.

Solenn the thought was far beyond expression. To think that this was all I ever should see. Of an acquaintance whom in health I had seen. A few days before.

The Editor was requested to 'unite and correct spelling'; but conceiving that much of the outlying vigor and natural dignity would be lost by such process, the request has not been complied with.

From the Youth's Magazine.

The Crop of Acorns.

BY LETHA H. BIGGINS.

There came a man, in days of old, To hire a piece of land for gold, And urged his suit in accents meek, "One crop of acorn is all I seek."

The owner soon assented with pride, And sold the spot with acorns wide. At first like tiny shoots they grew, Then broad and wide their branches threw. But long before those oaks sublime, Aspiring, reached their forest prime, The cheated landlord mumbled low, Forgotten, with his kindred crew.

O ye, whose years unfold fair, Are fresh with youth, and free from care, Should rise of innocence desire The garden of our souls to hire, No parley hold—reject the suit, Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My child, their first approach beware; With firmness break the insidious snare, Lest, as the acorns grow and thrive, Into sin-excluding grove, Thy sin, a dark or shadowing tree, Shut out the light of heaven from thee.

The purest altar of love is the heart of a mother.

There is always more error in hatred than in love.

The silence of a person who loves to praise is a censure sufficiently severe.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

A man's own good breeding is the best protection against other people's ill manners.

To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good, among his descendants, home is Paradise.

Tuesday is a day ominous in the history of France. All her revolutions have broken out on that day.

In the province of Colinas there is a remarkable fountain, which flows and stops for seven minutes alternately.

He that blows the coals in quarrels has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Love is like most epidemics; it is more apprehensive we are of it the more likely are we to become subjects of the contagion.

MORRID SENSIBILITY.—Mr. Belleville, the actor, is so nervous that he cannot bear a turn-in his room on account of his lightning.

AN UNLUCKY WORD.—The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

He who indulges his senses in any excess, renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and, to gratify the brute in him, dispenses the man, and sets his two natures at variance.

Jerusalem, Palestine, and Syria.

BY DR. J. V. SMITH.

Jerusalem is tolerably clean—from its location on a steep side hill, and not because the inhabitants are disposed to keep it in good condition. Fifth apartments to Arabs wherever they are. Deep clovers abound, cut into the solid rock, in which rain water is carefully collected, which is used for all domestic purposes. Water carriers bring some in skins on donkeys from the pool of Silom, only few are able or desirous of a supply without the walls. A fine stream is conducted to the city from Bethlehem, winding about the mountains, which is exclusively devoted to the purposes of the celebrated mosque of Omar on the very spot occupied by the temple of Solomon.

Wood for fuel is always dear—being sold by weight, and is principally roots of olive trees, brought from a distance on camels. If trees were planted as suggested in this communication, fuel would be abundant and reasonable. No house has a fireplace or chimney. A little charcoal in a copper dish, placed in the centre of a room, is the extent of an attempt at a social fire. At Bishop Goba's and one other house, stores were noticed. At Dr. Spaulding's missionary room at Damascus, a regular Boston stove diffused a comfort that could nowhere else be found in the town.

Old as Palestine is, as the residence of civilized man, there is not one decent road, five rods long, in the whole territory. Paths are struck out where there are the fewest stones or the least mud, over any one's field, and through any premises the rider chooses to go.

If Herod the Great, whose passion for building magnificent cities was equal to Albia Pasha's in Egypt for creating palaces, had made five miles of good road from Jerusalem towards Jaffa, he would have conferred a blessing on his abused and degraded country. I have roamed over the stupendous ruins which mark the ambition of that energetic but wicked wretch, with feelings that were never called into activity in stepping from one fallen column to another in any province. With all his determined anxiety to leave enduring monuments in granite that would withstand the assault of the elements or the destructive agencies of conquerors in after years, the beam of destruction has swept them all, away, and Ctesarea, the magnificent capital of Judaea has not one human being within its boundaries. The only living thing in sight, where there were the finest specimens of architecture—palaces beyond palaces, and marble, and an exhibition of wealth and refinement, while he was in the meridian of his glory—was one solitary heron, feeding among crushed fragments of sculptured stone, as I passed over the lonely site of a once grand and beautiful residence or splendid court.

From the days of the Jebusites, whose capital was the present rock on which Jerusalem stands, every successive people who have had possession of Palestine have fixed their habitations on the very pinnacles of the mountains. Every town and village, therefore, is upon some height. No one resides in a valley.

From some hill tops the spectator has an admirable view of many distant places that appear quite near; but to reach any of them he must descend a mile or so, and cross a horrible ravine or yawning gorge, and subsequently wind up and onward like the gyrations of a corkerew, for ten or twenty miles, to get at the proposed settlement.

Miles are unheeded of things in Palestine. Everybody speaks of hours who designs a movement. It is seven hours to one place, for example, two to somewhere else, and forty to another. The making of a journey through the Holy Land of Syria is an expensive affair indeed. There must be pack mules for carrying beds, food, and all that may be required from day to day. Three persons could not do well without two; and there must be a cook, a muleteer, a dragoon, who does all the talking and answers all your questions, for the Arabic is difficult to acquire, and, without an interpreter, it is impossible to know where you are, or what you see. Finally, each rider is mounted on a horse, who is followed by a groom, and he must have a mule to carry the provender.

All this makes a kind of caravan—a long string of animals, slowly winding up and down the horrible trails of the land, single file, at the rate of two or three miles only an hour.

In the course of the day, many places of peculiar interest, mentioned in the Old Testament, are distinctly seen; and are approached. When I stood at Bethel, Ramah was full right, and the mosque over the tomb of Samuel, the prophet. Both Heron the Upper, and Gilead, also, where Joshua took a position when he said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon and thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And other localities of immense interest to the biblical scholar and sacred geographer. At night, it is necessary to seek a stopping place in a village for security. Beyond a town or hamlet, there is not a single habitation.

All lodge in the same apartment, on the ground, on your own beds, surrounded by armies of insects eager for your blood. Poor things, if it were not for strangers, they would soon be extinct, for they seem to despise an Arab, who sleeps sound in defiance of their snipers. Horses, cows, camels, goats, dogs, and the family, are not unconspicuously congregated in one room. The night before reaching Damascus, we suffered exceedingly on account of the multitude of lodgers in one room—for the landlord had, in addition to all the beasts and creeping things of Noah's ark, three wives, with their restless children.

The reason for taking hill tops for towns has reference, in the first place, to security; they can discover the approach of visitors, and, if they don't like them, keep them at bay with the balls always at hand—great stones—which once put in motion, would sweep through all opposition. Secondly, when the winter rains set in, the gorges are filled with angry torrents that gorge out of the side hills, so that not a resting place for a house could be found. An air of desolation reigns everywhere, and the every person you meet is armed to the teeth with pistols, blunderbusses, long guns, darts, spears, down to a simple club.

Although an advocate for peace, and almost a non-resistant in sentiment, I have been hugging a stout horse pistol all over the country, knowing not what might happen. Had an attack been made upon our train, I am quite sure I should have run, for I have a moral antipathy to powder.

The majority of the inhabitants are idle, and time is of no account. A very few do all the drudgery, and the rest smoke. Why, it is the great pursuit of a long life to smoke the pipe, the richer the individual, the better is the quality of his tobacco, and the longer the flexible stem of his narghah. One everlasting cloud of smoke, the product of more pipes than there are virtues in the possession of the twelve tribes, is perpetually rising to the zenith throughout the length and breadth of the Land of Promise.

Buena Vista.

A correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer thus describes the field of Buena Vista, long after the sounds of the battle had died away, when the roar of cannon, the groans of the perishing, the shouts of the triumphant, had all ceased, and the vulture and the jackal had retired from their horrible repast:

"I first rode near the battle-field of Buena Vista, with some half a dozen officers, one of whom was Lt. Benham, Topographical Engineer, who shared the perils of the fight. He first led us by the long ditch, where repose the remains of the Americans who fell in the battle. A hundred yards further, we came to the narrow pass between the base of a high hill and the deep canyons, or gulleys which the Mexicans call Angosturas, (the narrow), where was stationed the battery of Col. Washington, with a small ditch on the right, in which lay two companies of marksmen; and on the high hill to the left, behind some loose rocks hastily piled up, were posted some Illinois troops. A deep ditch was dug across the narrow, which are not more than thirty feet wide, in front of the battery.

Next we passed up the valley, eleven hundred yards distant, to this spot where the discharges of Washington's battery stopped the onset of the host of Mexican cavalry that attempted a charge upon his position. A few hundred yards further, behind the hills, is where the Mexican legions concentrated before the commencement of the action. From the last named point we ascended to the plateau, where the main action took place, which, at a glance, appears to be a vast plain, but which, in reality, is broken by many ravines, stretching down to the mountains. Here and there on the field we passed an arm, a leg, or a skull of some Mexican, or a pile of their dead, who having fallen in battle, were hastily and slightly buried, and afterwards uncovered and mangled and scattered by beasts of prey. For, is up somewhere. No one resides in a valley.

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In the course of the day, many places of peculiar interest, mentioned in the Old Testament, are distinctly seen; and are approached. When I stood at Bethel, Ramah was full right, and the mosque over the tomb of Samuel, the prophet. Both Heron the Upper, and Gilead, also, where Joshua took a position when he said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon and thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And other localities of immense interest to the biblical scholar and sacred geographer. At night, it is necessary to seek a stopping place in a village for security. Beyond a town or hamlet, there is not a single habitation.

All lodge in the same apartment, on the ground, on your own beds, surrounded by armies of insects eager for your blood. Poor things, if it were not for strangers, they would soon be extinct, for they seem to despise an Arab, who sleeps sound in defiance of their snipers. Horses, cows, camels, goats, dogs, and the family, are not unconspicuously congregated in one room. The night before reaching Damascus, we suffered exceedingly on account of the multitude of lodgers in one room—for the landlord had, in addition to all the beasts and creeping things of Noah's ark, three wives, with their restless children.

The reason for taking hill tops for towns has reference, in the first place, to security; they can discover the approach of visitors, and, if they don't like them, keep them at bay with the balls always at hand—great stones—which once put in motion, would sweep through all opposition. Secondly, when the winter rains set in, the gorges are filled with angry torrents that gorge out of the side hills, so that not a resting place for a house could be found. An air of desolation reigns everywhere, and the every person you meet is armed to the teeth with pistols, blunderbusses, long guns, darts, spears, down to a simple club.

Although an advocate for peace, and almost a non-resistant in sentiment, I have been hugging a stout horse pistol all over the country, knowing not what might happen. Had an attack been made upon our train, I am quite sure I should have run, for I have a moral antipathy to powder.

The majority of the inhabitants are idle, and time is of no account. A very few do all the drudgery, and the rest smoke. Why, it is the great pursuit of a long life to smoke the pipe, the richer the individual, the better is the quality of his tobacco, and the longer the flexible stem of his narghah. One everlasting cloud of smoke, the product of more pipes than there are virtues in the possession of the twelve tribes, is perpetually rising to the zenith throughout the length and breadth of the Land of Promise.

Buena Vista.

A correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer thus describes the field of Buena Vista, long after the sounds of the battle had died away, when the roar of cannon, the groans of the perishing, the shouts of the triumphant, had all ceased, and the vulture and the jackal had retired from their horrible repast:

"I first rode near the battle-field of Buena Vista, with some half a dozen officers, one of whom was Lt. Benham, Topographical Engineer, who shared the perils of the fight. He first led us by the long ditch, where repose the remains of the Americans who fell in the battle. A hundred yards further, we came to the narrow pass between the base of a high hill and the deep canyons, or gulleys which the Mexicans call Angosturas, (the narrow), where was stationed the battery of Col. Washington, with a small ditch on the right, in which lay two companies of marksmen; and on the high hill to the left, behind some loose rocks hastily piled up, were posted some Illinois troops. A deep ditch was dug across the narrow, which are not more than thirty feet wide, in front of the battery.

Next we passed up the valley, eleven hundred yards distant, to this spot where the discharges of Washington's battery stopped the onset of the host of Mexican cavalry that attempted a charge upon his position. A few hundred yards further, behind the hills, is where the Mexican legions concentrated before the commencement of the action. From the last named point we ascended to the plateau, where the main action took place, which, at a glance, appears to be a vast plain, but which, in reality, is broken by many ravines, stretching down to the mountains. Here and there on the field we passed an arm, a leg, or a skull of some Mexican, or a pile of their dead, who having fallen in battle, were hastily and slightly buried, and afterwards uncovered and mangled and scattered by beasts of prey. For, is up somewhere. No one resides in a valley.

From some hill tops the spectator has an admirable view of many distant places that appear quite near; but to reach any of them he must descend a mile or so, and cross a horrible ravine or yawning gorge, and subsequently wind up and onward like the gyrations of a corkerew, for ten or twenty miles, to get at the proposed settlement.

Miles are